

**Southern Milk Cows.**—The Zoarites, a religious sect of Germans, on the Muskingum river in Ohio, keep their milk cows constantly in the stall and feed them with the offal of the milk, hay, roots, &c. and are said to yield an extraordinary quantity of milk—some twenty quarts a day through the year. They also pay particular attention to their cleanliness. Their stalls are thoroughly washed daily, and the water used for this purpose, is carefully collected in reservoirs, and applied, in the form of liquid manure, to their hot houses and gardens.

In a late communication to the British Board of Agriculture it is stated that 30 cows, 1 bull, 4 calves, and 5 horses, were fed through the summer from 15 acres of clover, sown the preceding year. The labor of two men and two women was sufficient to tend them, and the nett produce of the season, in butter, from June to October, was £19 10s, nearly \$90 from each cow.—*Silk Cult.*

**COTTON CULTIVATOR.**—Our attention has lately been directed to a new invention which has lately been patented by Mr. John Weaver, of this city, and which is considered by Southern gentlemen as a very useful machine for cultivating and thinning cotton.

The machine (which is left at Mr. J. F. Callan's drug store for the inspection of the curious) is expected to do the work of fifty men. Its operation consists in first removing the earth from each side the row of cotton, to prepare it for thinning; then thinning the cotton by means of hoes set at regular distances; and lastly, in harrowing up the ground after it has been passed over by the Cultivator. We are informed that this machine has been examined by several practical and scientific gentlemen, who have pronounced it a very valuable invention.—*Nat. Int.*

It is mentioned by Sir Humphrey Davy, upon the authority of an article in the Philosophical transactions for 1799, that in the years 1795 and 1796, when almost the whole crop of corn, (wheat,) in the British island, was blighted, the varieties obtained by crossing, alone escaped, tho' sown in several soils, and in very different situations.

The manner of crossing is very simple, merely by sowing different kinds of wheat in the same field, the product of which will be a new variety. The fact as detailed above seemed to us to be important to be known, we have therefore abstracted it with a view of laying it before our readers, and would suggest, that if the production of a new variety, by this simple process of crossing, has the tendency to impart superior power to it to resist disease, would it not be well for wheat-growers to make the experiment. It might be tried on a small scale first, and if found to be utility it would be of an easy matter to extend it to any desirable limit.—*Farmer & Gardner.*

**LARGE CORN.**—We saw in General Wall's garden, a day or two since, a specimen of Corn which exceeds anything which we remember to have before seen or read of. The highest stalk which we noticed, and which did not very greatly exceed in height those which grew in a dozen or twenty hills beside it, was about fifteen feet. Some of the stalks also made a show of seven ears; quite a number of them had four large, well-formed ears of corn upon them.

The seed of this corn, General Wall informs us, was procured of Mr. Ellsworth, of the Patent Office, at Washington. It was furnished by Mr. Baken, of Maryland, who has been for a series of years making experiments to improve the quality of corn, by selecting the best seed, from year to year, for planting. Judging from the specimen which we have referred to, a very great improvement has evidently been made.

Mr. Ellsworth has distributed the seed of this corn in different parts of the country, in order that it may be generally introduced. That which Gen. Wall has raised this season, we understand it is his purpose to distribute in this vicinity for next year's planting.—*Burlington, N. J. Gazette.*

**ANTIDOTE FOR ARSENIC.**—The King of Prussia has given a gold medal to Professors Russell and Berthold, for the discovery of oxyhydrate of iron, as an antidote for arsenic.

**BEAUTIES OF MONARCHY.**—The standing army in Ireland, kept up to awe that brave but injured people into subjection, is more than four times as large as the whole standing force of the United States.

**NEW ANECDOTE.**—A fact.—Old Scip, a dark, but fair, representative of the descendants of Ham, had enjoyed for a number of years, an exclusive monopoly in the sale of *paupaws* at the Cincinnati markets. One morning, however, on coming to the market-house, he found to his wonder and dismay, that a white individual was infringing on his "reserved rights;" and that an opposition-stand in the paw-paw line of business had actually been established. Old Scip's consternation, indignation and "dangnation," may be readily imagined—"curses, not loud but deep," were muttered thro his clenched and grinding grinders—and the coming storm was clearly prognosticated in the whites of his eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling." After a

"precipitate pause," raising himself into a position suitable for insult and indignity, old Scip thundered out: "Well, any white man! dat would! sell pawpaws! by Gosh! I'm done wid 'em!"

**TITHES IN ENGLAND.**—Our readers, it is presumed, know that every farmer in England has to pay one-tenth of all his income; every tenth bushel of wheat, oats, barley, &c., every tenth foal, shoat or whatever he produces, for the support of the Church hierarchy Baptists all other dissenters, though they support their own preachers by voluntary gifts according to the scriptures, nevertheless have to pay tithes, besides submitting to many other impositions.

The Rev. Dr. Hoby, of Birmingham, in a letter to the Editor of the Pioneer of April 19th says—"Our whole land is moved on the subject of Church Rates, of which the Dissenters appear at length determined to get rid."

We wish them great success.—*W. Pioneer.*

During the American war, whilst Burgoyne commanded at Cork, he saw a corpulent soldier among the spectators on parade, whom he addressed. "Who are you, sir? You must be drilled twice a day to bring down your corpulency. Who are you sir?" "Please your honor," replied Pat, "I am the skeleton of the 5th regiment, of foot, who have just marched over from America." The fact was so; for such was the carnage of the disastrous war that only this fat soldier and Captain Webb returned to Europe of an entire regiment that went to America.

**GOING IT STRONG.**—James Knowles of Point Judith, in the last war, lived in an exposed situation near the ocean, and never went to bed without having his gun well charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder-gust which shook the house to its foundation. "Husband! husband!" screamed the wife, "get up! the British have landed, or the day of judgment has come—I don't know which." "By gosh!" said Knowles, springing from the bed and seizing his fire-lock, "I'm ready for either!"

**BLOODY WORK.**—There have been 1,114 engagements between the Christians and Carlists since 1822, causing the death of 314,158 persons. This is one way to thin a dense population.

**A RAY OF HOPE FOR POOR POLAND.**—The Emperor of Russia announced his intention to visit Poland during the present summer, and letters from that country state that strong expectations were entertained by the Poles that their kingdom would be re-constituted, under the Grand Duke Michael as Viceroy.

**TYPHUS FEVER.**—A paper in London states that Doctor Smith, obtained from Parliament five thousand pounds for the cure of the Typhus Fever, 6 drachms of powdered nitre, 6 do. of oil of vitrol; mix them in a tea-cup by adding to the nitre one drachm of the oil at a time. The cup to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth, or plate or heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco pipe. The cup to be placed in different parts of the sick room.

**CONVENTION OF BUSINESS MEN.**—An adjourned meeting of this convention will be held in Philadelphia on the 15th day of November next.

Cities, Counties, Towns, Agricultural Societies, Incorporated Manufacturing and Mechanic Associations, Rail Road and Canal Companies are all invited to send Delegates.

By a gentleman just from Velasco, Texas, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, we are informed that the Texian cruisers have captured seven Mexican merchant vessels and their cargoes, among which are \$150,000 in specie, captured by Commodore Thompson of the Texian service.

**A WONDERFUL INVENTION.**—We learn from the New York papers, that Mr. Silas Day has invented a "patent, self-loading gun, that will discharge 40 bullets per minute."

The Bachelors of Boston, have been pretty considerably struck up and dumb-founded by the following label attached to an article being exhibited at the great Fair.

"The old Bachelor's" improved cradle, for stillness and utility; never will be obstructed by uneven seams in carpets or mats, sliding about when rocking, or rockers wearing flat. Extra expense \$1,50—Price \$9.

**FLEXIBLE GLASS.**—A manufacturer, near Dewsbury, (Eng.) has discovered an improvement in the manufacture of glass rendering it so pliable that they can make a cloth of fabric of the finest texture. They have pieces of this 2 1-2 yards long, and from 9 inches to 35 inches in breadth; they have also made some very fine ladies' head dresses or ornaments, from this material, which are considered both curious and useful.—*N. Y. Trans.*

A Sicilian youth, named Cachillo, is now at Rome, who, although only in his eighth year, can read ten languages. He has already given proof of his extraordinary talent before the King of Sicily, and the Apostolic Nuncio at that court.

An Irish counsellor being asked by a Judge, for whom he was concerned, replied as follows: "I am concerned, my lord for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

The United States Bank has resolved to establish an Agency in London, and Samuel Jaudon, Esq. late Cashier of the "Monster," has been appointed to take charge of the Agency. This is a most important step, and will doubtless greatly facilitate the operations of trade between this country and Europe. We hope it may do something towards the restoration of commercial prosperity. The Bank will of course engage more largely in exchange operations than hitherto. Mr. Cowperthwaite, formerly an Assistant Cashier, takes the place of Mr. Jaudon at Philadelphia. He is spoken of as a financier of distinguished ability.

A Clergyman had a milk white horse which on account of its beautiful form, he called *Sion*. Having ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked where he was going. "Why" said he, "to mount *Sion*."

**EXTRAORDINARY TWINS.**—Le Morgenstjerne, a Swedish journal, contains an account of a natural phenomenon, more extraordinary than that of the Siamese Twins. In the small village of Belodin, twelve years ago, two male twins were born, joined back to back, and placed in such a position that when one stood up he was obliged to carry his brother on his back, his legs above, his head below; in this position they could change alternately. The children were both perfectly formed, and their growth has been equal, which gives rise to the idea that their adherence is neither organic nor so firm but they may be separated; this, at least, is the opinion of the medical men who have visited them. What is curious is, that they change their positions with great regularity: when one is fatigued, he utters a faint cry, and the change of position, or jump, takes place immediately. This happens every quarter of an hour, with such precision that the number of turns they make serves as a sort of a clock to their parents. About a year ago, while they were playing, they executed a number of evolutions, or somersets, in such a way that they went over a great deal of ground with much rapidity; and since this discovery, they have been employed as messengers, as they are able to reach any spot with greater rapidity than a horse. The somerset is similar to that executed by clowns who throw themselves over with their hands and feet; the only difference is, that the movement is perfectly natural to the twins. In the country, they are called the brothers *fustiva*—(four-footed brothers.)

### THE TEMPTER, A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

BY T. S. COYNE.

It was approaching the eleventh hour; the busy hum of the holy City had sunk into comparative stillness, and save some straggling way-farers and field laborers returning from their daily toil, few passengers were seen in the streets of Jerusalem. One middle aged man kept his seat in the Water Gate, looking with placid smile along the rugged road which led down to the valley of Jehosaphat—a silver gerah was held between the fingers as in the act of giving an alms, but for some minutes no object appeared on whom it might properly be bestowed. He rose from his seat, and gathering his flowing robe around him, when the figure of an aged man tottering slowly up the steps, arrested his attention. The old man was mealy clad; and he leant feebly on his staff to take breath after his toilsome ascent, his glance rested upon the person of the sage Rabbi Abimelech, for it was he who sat in the gate distributing his daily alms to the poor, the hungry and the way-farer.

"The Lord direct thy goings out and thy comings in," said the Rabbi with a self-satisfied smile, dropping the coin into the extended palm of the stranger.

"Lo! I have tarried from the ninth hour, until the towers and principles of the temple have thrown their dark shadows across the brook Cedron, even into the base of the Mount of Olives, to bestow this last gerah of forty in an alms, according to a vow which I made last pentecost, and behold thou art here to receive it."

"Precious is the gift that cometh from the heart, more precious than the Arabian frankincense and sweeter than the rich honey of Hebron. If I might know my Lord's name, my heart would not forget it when I lift my voice in prayers to the Ruler of Israel," said the stranger respectfully.

"I am called the Rabbi Abimelech."  
"He whom men term the sinless?—whose voice is as the neighing of a war horse in the temple—whose works are works of righteousness—who clothes the naked—who feeds the hungry, and gives alms to the tenth part of his substance?"—asked the stranger.

"The same," answered the self-glorified Rabbi—and let me pray of thee, thy name, and in what city thou art a dweller?"

"Alas!" answered the stranger, "I am a reproach to my kindred, and my name is a defilement to the lips of an Israelite."  
"Unfortunate man! in what had thou offended against the law."  
"In this thing I have offended. Behold,

I went forth at the last vintage season into the vineyards, and the vintagers were pressing, and the red wine ran into the vat, even the red wine of Lebanon—and, being weary with the toil and heat of the day, I was tempted, and in foolishness I did drink the wine, which should have been an abomination unto me, seeing that I am a Nazirite from my youth."

The scrupulous Rabbi shrunk from the degraded Israelite as from a tainted leper, and elevating his brow said with a sanctimonious air, "the way of the wise man is pleasant, but the feet of the fool treadeth in the mire."

"Stop," said the stranger, as the Rabbi was departing. "Is it not also that the vain glorious man shall fall in the snares of his own proud heart?"—Rabbi Abimelech, thy life has been righteous, but fire hath not yet tried, nor water purified thee. See that thou stand fast when the time cometh."

At these words the stranger, with more alertness than his seeming feebleness indicated, turned into an obscure street, while Abimelech, pondering on the warnings of the strange man, took his way towards his dwelling. On reaching his house Abimelech retired to his own chamber. It was a small closet or oratory on the house top, furnished in a style of simplicity bordering upon rudeness, and its cold cheerless appearance was increased by the dim twilight. There was still, however, sufficient light for Abimelech to distinguish a female figure standing in a thoughtful attitude in the centre of the apartment. A rich mellow ray fell upon her shape, which exceeded in height the usual standard of her sex, but was so exquisitely proportioned as to convey an idea of graceful dignity only to the beholder. Her eye, as she turned it upon Abimelech, seemed dark and lustrous, and her smile was a sunbeam upon the bosom of the still waters. The Rabbi stood motionless for he never before had beheld so much beauty; a new pulse stirred in his bosom, and an unusual fire burned in his veins.—At length he found words to express his admiration and astonishment. "Fair damsel," cried he, "thy visit is unforeseen, but thou art more welcome to my chamber than the pleasant odour of the young vines in the spring season."

"I am," said the abashed intruder, while a roseate blush overspread the marble whiteness of her soft cheek and lofty brow, "I am as you may perceive, a stranger and a Gentile, unworthy to come beneath the roof of the famed Rabbi Abimelech, the words of whose lips are wisdom and whose precepts are as pearls of great price. Nevertheless, let thy handmaiden find favor in thy sight, and turn aside, I pray thee, unto my lodgings, which are nigh at hand, and let thy handmaiden rejoice in the light of thy countenance, and in the sweet sound of thy voice. The Rabbi, though surprised, at this novel address, felt a strange sensation thrill through his frame. Gazing upon the lovely speaker, his resolution began to waver, and almost unconsciously he permitted himself to be led out by his unknown visitor. Proceeding at a rapid pace towards the western quarter of the city, they at length stopped before a house of handsome exterior, but which Abimelech could not remember ever having seen before. A single tap at the door caused it to open, and the Rabbi still followed his mysterious conductor, entered a hall feebly lighted with a single lamp. Here she motioned for him to remain for a short time, and disappearing through a dark passage, the Rabbi was left alone to meditate upon the strange adventure in which he was engaged.

But he had little time allowed him for reflection ere the heavy folds of a curtain, which overhung a small door, were partially withdrawn, and a fair hand, and sweet, soft voice invited him to enter. He approached, lifted up the curtain, and beheld a superbly furnished apartment lit with perfumed oil of Samaria. Mirrors of polished metal hung round the room, while on a low couch, sat or rather reclined, the beautiful stranger, whose charms now shone with splendor far surpassing anything the Rabbi could imagine of mortal mould. He essayed to speak, but the words dwelt upon his lips. She beckoned him to take a seat beside her. He obeyed tremblingly; but the gentle, assuring smile which she cast upon him, at once banished his timidity, and he suffered his eyes to wander in unrestrained freedom over those voluptuous beauties till the sight became painful with extreme delight. A luxuriant repast, of fruits, grapes, figs, apricots, olives, pomgranates and dates, interspersed with pots of pure honey, rose cakes of Damascus, and bananas of Rosetta, with Egyptian syrup, and crystal vases, in which the rich wine of Holbon sparkled with tempting brilliancy, was spread before him.

"Fairest of the daughters of men, may I crave thy name, and that of thy father's house?" said the Rabbi addressing his unknown companion.

"My name is Zorah," replied the damsel. "My father is one of the children of Ishmael, an abider in the desert; the fame of the sage Abimelech has reached unto the borders of the wilderness, and behold, the heart of thy handmaiden was moved to see the man of whose wisdom all nations spake."

"Lovely Zorah!" exclaimed the enamored sage, my wisdom has become as withered grass before thy beauty; and the strength of my heart is dew in the consuming light of thine eyes. Suffer me, to be unto thee even as Boaz was unto Ruth, and to love thee with the love wherewith Jacob loved Rachael."

Zorah smiled at the earnestness with which those words were uttered, and filling the cup, presented it to the delighted Rabbi, who instinctively shrank from the dangerous libation, but Zorah could not be denied.

"Urge me not fair damsel," said he, "I have a vow against the juice of the vine until the next new moon."

Zorah's countenance fell, and the big tear hung trembling on her dark eye's silken lash. Abimelech, torn with conflicting passion passed his arm around her waist, and drew her unresistingly to his bosom; he felt the quick pulse of her heart throb against his; her warm sighs were upon his cheek, and the perfumed wine cup at his lips;—human strength could resist no longer—he seized the cup with desperate hands, at a single draught quaffed it to the bottom. His vow was broken, and having nothing further to hope or fear, draught followed draught in quick succession, till his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes bore evidence that he was no longer under the dominion of reason.

"Zorah, beautiful Zorah!" cried he, my love for thee is as the love which floods cannot quench nor many waters drown. Thou art the light of mine eyes; we will fly to thy father's tents, even unto the wilderness as into a city of refuge."

"Ah! my lord thy servant hath neither gold nor silver to bear the charge. Could we live like the raven or the stork of the desert?"

The objection had not struck Abimelech before; but he could not immediately convert his passion into money and his passion was too violent to admit delay. He seemed perplexed and spake not, till Zorah inquired in a careless manner if his next door neighbor was not the rich publican, Aaron Ben Rabiab?

"It is even so," replied Rabbi, still musing.

"And he hath, I am told, coffers filled with shekels of pure silver."

"It is said so."

And shekels of gold, and pots of double Maceabees, and precious stones, pearls, and Sardonyx, and carbuncles, more costly than the jewels of the high priest's breast plate?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Abimelech, as if a sudden ray of light had darted across his mind, "spake on."

"Aaron Ben Rabiab is stricken in years, and liveth alone—riches are to him as the dust of the earth—There is a private way from thy house to his."

"Stop, stop," cried the agitated man, grasping the arm of the tempter convulsively. "What wouldst thou? Shall I peril my soul in this thing? Zorah! Zorah! Thy words are as pleasant to mine ear as the murmurs of the falling waters in the desert, but the bitterness of Marah, even the bitterness of death is in their taste;—nevertheless, in this also I will obey thee."

"Go about it, then, instantly, said Zorah, rising; thou knowest the private passage into the old miser's chamber. Take this weapon, thou mayest need it, and when thou hast secured the treasure, return quickly hither, and all things shall be ready for our flight."

Abimelech, whose scruples had by this time entirely vanished, was no less eager than his impetuous mistress to accomplish the deed, he ran with incredible speed through the now silent streets, and quickly reached his own dwelling. Lighting a lamp, he entered a private passage which in times of danger had been contrived between the two houses, and in a few moments found himself in the chamber of Rabiab.

Around him lay coffers filled with gold and silver coins, and caskets charged with precious stones that trembled with varied but incessant lustre in the sickly beams of the lamp he bore. He raised one jewel box to his eye to examine it more closely, when slipping from his fingers, it fell to the floor with a loud crash, and the next moment the alarmed miser rushed to the apartment. Seeing a stranger at such an hour in the sanctuary of the god of his idolatry, he uttered a piercing scream, and throwing himself upon the robber, grappled him with almost supernatural strength. Vainly did Abimelech attempt to escape from the old man's grasp, or to still his screams, every moment increased his danger, he heard the steps of persons ascending the stairs: not an instant was to be lost; the dagger which Zorah had given him was in his girdle, he drew it and plunged it into the heart of the old man. A piercing shriek rung through the chamber, and the unfortunate Aaron Ben Rabiab fell lifeless on the floor. Instead of providing for his safety, the guilty Rabbi stood petrified with horror over the quivering body of his victim, watching the life stream swilling from his side in a bubbling tide.

When the persons attracted by the publican's screams, entered the room, he made no attempt to escape, but surrendered himself quietly into their hands. He was instantly hurried to prison, and amidst the revelings of the crowd, was plunged into